THE MYSTERY OF THE DOE. HOW THE 'SQUIRE SHOT THREE DEER

An Evening by Old Bol's Cosey Fire the Mountains—Gill and Uncle Et Brive the 'Aquire into a Corner—Why it was a Stranger's Beer the Catamount had Got. rectory and railroad guides if he expects to one will look in vain in the Post Office diwithin nine miles and no railroad station with-in a distance of twelve. Sol's Ridge is simply a tavern, a sort of lumberman's and huntsman's rest, high among the hills of northern Pennsylvania. The big mills and tannery are five miles away on one side of it, and the "town' nine miles on the other side. A few scres of productive land to supply the cellar, barn, and bins of the tavern, and almost boundless areas of dense woods from which the tavern's larder is largely kept fat, are its immediate suroundings. Old Sol, the landlord, was born on the place, and has grown gray, rotund, and jelly under the roof where his father had done

the same before him.

At this season of the year there is always a hunter or two quartered at Old Bol's, and one is sure to meet with rare specimens of the gen-uine backwoodsman—gray, grizzled, lusty. rough and big-bearted—relics of the day when the rifle was not only the chief source of their pleasure, but the arbiter of their safety and omfort as well. The meeting of two or three of these old timers around the blazing hearth in Old Sol's barroom is a rare treat to those who may have the good fortune to be onlookers and listeners. Grotesque of garb and speech, bubbling over with good nature, and possessed of a fund of robust humor that is irresistible. n evening's encounter with a group of these hardy hunters is one never to be forgotten. Their exploits and adventures in the woods and the rare experiences of others, form the invariable subject of their discourse except about election times, when the merits and prospects of rival candidates for "Shurf" and prospects of rival candidates for "Shurr" or pathmaster occupy their attention in more or less noisy and always emphatic discussion. If at the relation of some of the hunting and fishing stories these rude and simple natives tell the bones of Munchausen do not turn and rattle it will be because the bones of that illustrious and veracious nobleman have long since resolved themselves into irreclaimable and impaliable dust.

ratio it was decisions nobleman have long since resolved themselves into irreclaimable and impalpable dust.

One evening, at this time of year, and at sarly supper time, a little old man, with a swarthy face and a voice pitched in a high treble key, came into the barroom at Old Sols. Sol called him Uncle Eb, and was glad to see him. He had hardly settled himself before the fire when he was followed by a tail, raw-boned hunter, with a beard long and white, and a very perceptible stoop in his shoulders. Both Uncle Eb and Old Sol greeted him as Bquire. The Squire was garrulous, and had a habit of repeating the last words of one sentence when he began another, which gave an odd and comical turn to his rapid conversation. The three old veterans joined each other at the high, ancient bar, and were about to renew the assurances of their mutual esteem in a festive glass, when the door opened again, and in strode a sturdy man with a bristling, stuby beard of two or three days growth, on a sharp, we was the high cheak house of which high, ancient car, their mutual esteem in a feative gassurances of their mutual esteem in a feative gass, when the door opened again, and in strode a sturdy man with a bristling, stubby beard of two or three days growth, on a sharp, scrawny face, the high cheek bones of which gave it the appearance of an Indian's. A napless wool hat was pulled down over his eyes. When he spoke he did so with a sing-song nasal drawl which would have clashed harshly on a cultivated ear. The new comer slouched up to the bar, and slapping Old Sol on the back drawled—

back drawled—
"H-u-l-l-o, S-a-w-ull! H-o-wb-e-e-ye, a-n-n-yh-o-o-w-u-h? An'y-e-e-r-s the 'S-q-u-l-ur! An' d-a-a-r-nd ef y-o-e-r h-a-i-n-t U-n-d-i-e-t-e-yhl! H-o-w'd ye l-e-a-v-e the i-o-o-l-ks? H-o-o-pe they'm a-a-wull a j-y-y-in' their-s-e-lula. G-l-l-m-me s-o-m-e r-u-m-a-n'l-a-a-a-s-sos, S-a-w-wull."

The new arrival they called Sile. His name was Silas, and he was one of the greatest huntsrs in the county—78 years old, but spending his time in the woods from October until January. The three old friends drew up to the freplace, and old Sol went to the kitchen to hurry the "old woman" in getting supper. "H-o-y-e-k-n-o-c-k-ed-o-v-e-r-a-n-y-d-e-a-ur t-h-i-s i-a-w-wull, 'S-q-u-i-ur ?" drawled Sile. "Yes, think I hev, Sile, "replied the 'Squire, ralking as rapidly as the other did slowly. "Yes, I hev. Killed three down in the Rock Run woods. Killed three like three there we usety sweep the ridges with our ol'smooth-bores. Wen we usety sweep the ridges with our ol'smooth-bores. Sile, 'twan't so hard to git 'em. But I killed three nie uns a'ready this fall, Sile. Three niee uns a'ready. Yes, killed three."

here's the way it were. I were walkin' through an ol' bark road back o' Hull's Holler. Bof ur back o' Hul's Holler. Bof ur back on a tree. It were stuck that, an' it said, ez nigh ez I could make it out. In't the wan't hobody to trespass on them parts. The wan't hobody to trespass on them parts. The wan't hobody of trespass on them parts. It wan't hobody on the sign and the sign. Read th' sign, an' then stood an' wished th's some one'd come an' try, an', fer fear th't some one mow come jist arter I were wishin some one 'd come an' try, an', fer fear th't some one mow; come jist arter I were gone. I waited a spell. I waited a spell. I were waitin', when all of a suddent I heerd a yell. Sile an' I heerd a yell it give, I heerd a yell. Sile an' I heerd a yell it give, I heerd a yell. Sile an' I heerd a yell it give, I heerd a yell and yell and yell war it yell and yell and yell war it yell war o' Twere a cattymount, an' a big un. A big un. A now di from the yell it give, I hadn't gone more'n twenty rod 'fore I kim syuar' onter the cattymount. Not more'n twenty rod. Sile in cattymount. Not more'n twenty rod. Eb. Not a foot furder'n that, Sile. I come squar onter the cattymount. Not more'n twenty rod. Sile. Not a foot furder'n that, Sile. I come squar onter the cattymount. Not more'n twenty rod. Sile. Not a foot furder'n that, Sile. I come squar onter the cattymount was the blood outen sy pool a doe, an' had his teeth socked clean up to the gums in her throat. Yes, clean up to the gums in her throat. Wall, I wan't har to see it cattymount suck the blood outen sy pool and the sucked by the syle and the sucked his sile. The doe were dead 'dead

bere's the way it were, Bile. This here's the way it were, an' it's funny I fergot to mention it wen I were tollin' ye bout hangin' the doe up. Yes it is. Durn funny, Ye see, jist ez I got the doe hung up, a couple o' strange fellers th' i didn't know kim slong. They was hunters, but I didn't know 'em, an' they kim along jist ez I were hangin' up the doe. Th' was lots o' hunters in the woods, Bile. More hunters, Eb, th'n deer. These two fellers kim along. "Hullo!" says they. 'Guess you hung up cour deer.' says they.

"They said they guessed I had hung up their deer. I said I guessed not.

"Guess not, says I. Guess, I hain't hung up no deer o' you'n, says I. I jist saved this here deer's carease by siugain' a cattymount, says I. Guess I'l keep the deer, says a cattymount, says I. Guess I'l keep the deer, says I. 'I shot it, says he he an'we don't want no foolin' bout it. "They said they didn't want no foolin' bout it, an' I laughed. I laughed an' said I guessed I hadn't ben born in the woods to be skeert by no owis. That's what I said, Bile. The fellows they said that they guessed they didn't keer wuther I couldn't be skeert by owls or hawks or crows they said. That's what I said, Bile. The fellows they said that they guessed they didn't keer wuther I couldn't be skeert by owls or hawks or crows they said. That's what I said, Bile. The tellows they fider, they gad, an' they were gointer hev it. Then I said th't e' they could jist show me a place in that deer whar th' were a ball hole, I said, they could lug her off an' be durned to 'em. I said.

a place in that deer whar th' were a ball hole.
I said, they could lug her off an' be durned to
'em. I said.
"'Jist show me a ball hole,' says I, 'an' ye
kin shoulder the deer an' git,' says I.

"I to!' em they could shoulder the deer an'
git ef they'd show me a ball hole. Wall, one o'
the fellers he kinder swung the deer aroun'
an' put his finger plumb intera hole in her side
big enough fer a mouse to nest in, Bile, an' I
hadn't never seen it, Eb. I hadn't never seen
it. Never a wunst. No.

"Gents, says I, 'the doe is yourn! The doe
is your'n, eays I, 'an' I'm sold. Gents, 'says I,
'it's your deer!
"I to! 'em th' it were their deer, an' th't it
were their's an' weloome, an' that I were sold,
That's w'at I to! 'em. an' they tuck her, an'
mosied off with her. It mowt be, Eb., th't
mebby that's w'at Tom. Glipin were hintin' at.
Wonder ef that must'nt ha' ben It, Slie? Mebby. It's durn funny I didn't think of it afore.
Durn funny! Tes."

Just then Old Sol announced supper, and the
three old friends went in.

But this Piece of Woods Wasn't Exactly

GAZZAN, Pa., Nov. 20 .- A young man named Calkin, with a companion named Porter, came to the Clearfield woods one day last week to trap foxes and hunt pheasants. They were city sportsmen, and laughed the native hunters o scorn when the latter told them that they night have the luck to bag bigger game than foxes and pheasants, as there were many bear still lurking about in the hills of this region. The visiting sportsmen ridiculed the idea, and said that they did not believe there had been a pear in the county in twenty-five years. They also declined all offer of a guide, saying that they had been in the woods before; bigger woods than these. So they shouldered their guns and kit and started for the hills.

Toward night that same day the two young

guns and kit and started for the hills.

Toward night that same day the two young sportsmen returned. Calkin had his arm in a sling, and both he and Porter were covered with blood that seemed to have come from wounds in all parts of their bodies. Their clothing hung in tatters, and all the chipperness had passed from them. They limped into the tavern and asked to be accommodated with a doctor. The landlord sent for a doctor, and pending his arrival the battered and tattered amateur trappers and hunters assured the landlord and a crowd of citizens who had been attracted by the conspicuous appearance of the two sportsmen, that they were satisfied that their knowledge of the Clearfield woods and their possibilities was not as great as that of the natives.

Mr. Calkin's story, briefly told, was that after he and his friend had gone about five miles into the woods they put up a bough house to shelter them during their stay, and then one went in one direction and the other in the opposite direction to set a trap or two and look for signs of pheasant. Calkins sat down on a stump a hundred yards or so from the bough house, and while filling his pipe heard a noise behind him, and looking back was more than surprised to see a big bear standing within a lew feet of him and eying him curiously. He had always heard that bears were arrant cowards, and would run away from danger every time, unless they were cornered and couldn't get away. There was nothing to prevent this bear from running away, for the woods were wide and open; so Calkin, although he was not loaded for bear, concluded to give this one just one shot, merely for the sined at the bear's fore shoulder, but for some reason the charge did not take that direction. It struck Brains nose, and carried away the greater part of that organ and parts of both jaws. The removal of these parts of the bear left two rows of very white and savage-looking teeth gleaming in full sight of the astonished hunter, and gave the bear a most hideous appearance. If the rule among bears i user's weeps the ridges with our of smooth-bors. We we user yeaps the ridges with our of smooth-bors Sile, twant so hard to the fall file. Three since una smand, year, the fall file fires.

Dit year, then, Squire, piped Uncle Entry was the weep the state of the bear seed when the total content of the seed of the same seed who were it a tellin of me that? Ohld the same seed who were it a tellin of me that? Ohld the same seed who were it a tellin of me that? Ohld the same seed who were it a tellin of me that? Ohld the same seed who were the tellin of me that? Ohld the same seed who were the tellin of me that? Ohld the same seed who the same should be same seed to the same seed to the same seed of the

DYNAMITE FOR PINKERTON. But There was No Explosion and No One was in Great Danger.

Was in Great Danger.

From the Chicago Tribuna.

In connection with recent dynamite alarms not a bad story is told on Mr. Pinkerton. He is rather fond of horseradish with his meat, and about ten days ago bought a can of the relish and ordered it sent to his house. He forgot to tell his wife about it. Mrs. Pinkerton, it appears, has feared that some vicious person would yet make an attempt on her husband's life, and when the servant giri told her of the arrival of a can of something which she could not recollect ordering became alarmed at once. She directed the girl to take the package into the back yard at once and leave it there until Mr. Pinkerton's return. The girl did as directed, but, not having a sufficient fear of dynamic before her eyes, and impelied by that natural gift of woman, curlosity, concluded to open the can. She carefully removed the top and sustained no damages.

There was no explosion, and no fragment of hired girl went gyrating through the atmosphere of the neighborhood. She looked at the contents of the package and saw a whitish damp substance. Curiosity still had its grip upon her and she concluded to taste that which looked harmless. She put a small quantity of the stuff into her mouth and chewed it. The result was not altogether satisfactory; the compound burned her tongue, and she fied to the house and to her mistress.

With tears in her eyes she confessed what she had done, and then her mistress was only less alarmed than she. "It is potson! It is certainly poison!" was the frightened exclamation, and then presence of mind returned her mistress was only less alarmed than she be in the proposed exclamation. And then presence of mind returned her pinkerton returned he found his wife reasonably calm and his hired girl wan and interesting, but in no immediate danger of death. He found his horseradish in the back yard, where it had not been interfered with after the episode related. From the Chicago Tribune.

INSTANCES OF BUCK FEVER. HALF A DOBEN TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE NORTH WOODS,

Excitement That Occasionally Interferes With the Work of the Hunter-Hunning After a Deer and Shouting at a Bear. NORTHWOOD, Herkimer county, N. Y., Nov. 26.-With the coming of cold weather and long evenings it is the custom of the guides and farmers hereabouts to gather in the store there, tilting back their chairs against the counters near the stove they watch the big hunks of birch and beech blaze and crackle through the mica-covered openings in it. and, their own adventures in the woods, or the adventures of some near friend or relative who is almost invariably spoken of as "the great-est man you ever see," in the line of the story about to be related. The talk turned on buck fever last night. Buck fever, like seasickness, eems to be incurable, and there is no way of preventing it except by going where it is sure o be caught often enough to become acclimated. Even then there is no certainty that noment and suffer untold ridicule from his companions. As will appear from the following cases of the disease, men who have been born and reared in the woods are liable to find heir nerves in a tremble, and self-control gone just when it would be least expected of them. Although Will Finch, a Binghamton man, has been running the store here for several years, he never had the luck to get a shot at a leer until this fall. He was over on Moose river with George Squires and a party of other good woodsmen when the dogs happened to put a doe on the runway, where Finch was stationed. Finch had been waiting for game for about three hours, and had become chilled. He was flapping his arms yigorously to get up a circulation of the blood when he saw coming down the hollow a little gray form that he recognized as a deer. Picking up his gun, he blazed away all in a tremble of excitement, and then, without throwing in a new cartridge, started after the animal as fast as he could

run. He says he did this solely with the delib-erate intent of getting another shot, but when he says "deliberate" everybody around the stove roars with laughter, since one of the party told how he forgot to throw in a new eartridge. Instead of being deliberate he was suffering from a bad attack of buck fever. When this little comedy of relating his adventure had been acted for perhaps the fifth time last night, it started the rest of the crowd

to telling buck fever stories. "Will's running reminds me of an Albany chap I saw up near Jack's Lake one fall, said "Father and I and two more besides the man from Albany put the dogs out there one morning, and about an hour later

besides the man from Albany put the dogs out there one morning, and about an hour later the finest buck you ever see ran right into West Creek before the eyes of the Albany man and turned around to look at his trail. There he stood, broadside on, not three rods away. That chap had a gun that cost him \$300, he said—imported from England—but it didn't look it, it was such a plain, homely thing. Well, there stood the buck panting, and the fellow let drive with both barrels at once and never touched a hair, while the buck went cavorting down the creek. That chap was just like Will; he thought he could catch that buck alive, and, standing his gun up against a tree, went tearing down the creek after the deer.

A quarter of a mile further down was father with a big rifle; of course, the deer never got any further. The Albany chap had kept up a pretty good pace, and was soon on the scene. They looked the deer over for buckshot holes, but there wasn't any there, and so when the others came around they cut up the deer and put it in their pack baskets and started for home. For about three miles that Albany fellow couldn't talk of anything but the way that buck looked standing in the stream before him. Then one of the men asked him where he had left that \$300 gun. He was the sickest chap then you ever see: but father went back and got it for him, and only charged him \$3.50. They had gone more than three miles when the other man asked him about it."

"Talking about chasing the game," said Bill Pardy, "makes me think of a fellow that came to our old place one fall about election time—it was election day, come to think—and he and the old man and another neighbor were going to Black Creek to vote. There was about a foot of snow on the ground that morning. You remember how thick the bears used to be about the old place. This chap says the snow's been on about long enough, so that the bears will be reaming around, and hadn't we better take a gun along when we go out. Nobody objected to that, and he londed a big ansket with nine

sing. The old man and Cother one were the madest men ever waiked that trail. They took right after him, and called him all the names they could think of, trying to stop him and got the gun away from him, but he kept disappeared in the brush. Then he got his and got he gun tway from him, but he kept disappeared in the brush. Then he got his head again.

"Why in — didn't you shoot, you — didot? said the old man, puffing like he'd got the heaves. "What in — did you bring the gun for, anyhow?"

"The fellow stood there with his mouth open for a minute and the queerest look in his face, and then he said:

"Say, pardy, if I didn't forget I had a gun. I'v's curious how buck fever affects some of them." said Will Rising. "Some of them think they are as steady and cool as a chunk of loo when they ro stark staring lunatics. I had a rich Rochester man in the woods a year ago when they ro stark staring lunatics. I had a rich Rochester man in the woods a year ago much luck until about 1 o'clock, when we say the continuous much luck until about 1 o'clock, when we would low to eat lunch. Then, as very often happens, a fine buck walked out into view. The party with me grabbed his gun and blazed away. Of course, in his condition he missed. After a little he said: 'That was strange. When I first put up my gun I took a careful aim at the deer's head, but I concluded that the mark was so small that I might get the rifle off by the motion of pulling the trigger. Then I aimed square behind the shoulder, when it occurred to me that the ball zoing through there so far back might let him run so far that we would lose him: so I sguin nilered my aim, and, gut they in the said, but his mind must have worked pretty fast if he thought all that. Why, when he grabbed his rifle from the log, he used a little lunch bag, and, by the time that beg reached the ground, he had the rifle discharged. The builter cut had a his rifle from the log, he used a little lunch bag, and, by the time that be colded. But fine of a sapiling a rod away, in a place w

missed, and wasn't to use any dogs. Fine time we had of it clumping about the woods for a week and never seeing more than a tiny white flag waving us an adjeu. But, as Rising says, a man generally has luck standing still, and so it was with us. We were on the north side of Moose Biver, about three miles above where



"YOU BLACK DEVIL, YOU!"

"TOU BLACK DEVIL, TOU!"

George Squire got his antiers last fell, and had stopped in a bit of brush and set our guns on the ground, when a doe and two fawns walked slowly out of a thicket into the opening. They weren't above ten rods away, and made the prettiest shot you ever raw, the two fawns standing right in the range when they stopped. That was the best chance to kill two deer at one shot I ever saw. I was for popping at 'em myself, but he held up his hand, and I, like a fool, didn't do it. There we stood looking at the beauties. The doe nibbled at the browse and then looked at the fawns and rubbed her head against one of them. Then one of the fawns got around, and butting its head against the other's, tried to push it—playing just like kids, while the old doe went on nibbling. And there that professor stood and watched them and nevergot up his gun. I don't know how long he stood there; it seemed to me about an hour and a half, though it probably wasn't more than two minutes, the old doe fondling the fawns half the time, and then the professor, with his eyes a swimming, said:

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

"I reckon that doe jumped seventeen feet the first lick when he said that, and the fawns weren't much behind. I was disgusted.

"I hat's so, said he, blushing. Why, I declare! Why didn't you tell me to shoot?"

"I don't know whether you would call that buck fever or not, but I call it buck paralysis. Think of him ready to slobber over an old doe a-playing with two fawns!"

NEW ENGLAND'S CRACK HUNTER. Racing Up and Down a Mountain All Night to Keep from Freezing.

BETHLEHEM, N. H., Nov. 22 .- Allen Thompson of this place is one of the remarkable char actors of northern New England. He is now 73 years old, and during his career as hunter, trapper, surveyor, and guide he has acquired a familiarity with the White Mountains possessed by no other man. "I have lived three days on a red squirrel," he says. While in the wilderness he never carried a blanket, he says, but at nightfall would lie down on a bed of feet to the fire and his facelto the ground, and many a time on awaking in the morning he would find himself covered with five or six inches of snow. He is credited with having killed in the year 1840, 114 foxes, 88 deer, 60 sables, and 7 bears. One year he had 1,100 sable traps on a single line forty miles long. and a week's life in the wilderness was required for him to traverse the line, attend to the traps and return home. Twelve years ago he captured the last wolf seen among the mountains. It tipped the steelyards at 84 pounds.

"My real life as a hunter," he said, " began in my seventeenth year, when I ran away from

"My real life as a hunter." he said, "began in my seventeenth year, when I ran away from home and joined the Mohawk Indians. I spent two years with them, and, although it was pretty rough sometimes, they were the happiest years of my life. I came to Bethiehem in 1851, the year of the great Eastern land speculation. This region was then only a vast wilderness, and I immediately began explorations and made surveys. Very often, when I've been off on a hunting expedition, all my matches have become wet. You can't guess what I would do in that case. Well I'll tell you. At nightfall I would rip out one of my cotton pockets, and tear the cioth all to shreds. Then I would lay the cotton on a dry ledge, pour some powder on it, and then pound it with my jackknife. I have had my eyebrows burnt off more than once by the flash.

"When I'm in the woods I never use a compass; in fact, I don't need any. There are three sure ways I have for finding the points of the compass. You will notice that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side, and third, the topmost twig of every uninured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember these things and you'll never get lost. The things I most look out for to take into the woods are salt and pork. I can eatch the rest. I don't eat half as much as most folks do. I always make it a rule to stop eating when the victuals taste just as good as when I begun. The Indians taught me that. I have lived for weeks at a time on partridge and trout. I never eat any fancy favings; only plain, substantial food for me. I've used tobacco more than sixty years. My practices has been to go to bed at dark and get up at 3 o'clock. I like to work two hours before anybody else is out of bed. I never knew what it was to be tired till I was 60, and my first sickness occurred two years ago.

"The toughest experience I ever had was one winter day when I want out to hunt dear with

inke to work two nours before anybody else is out of bed. I never knew what it was to be tirred till I was 60, and my first sickness occurred two years ago.

"The toughest experience I ever had was one winter day when I went out to hunt deer with two dogs. It was a damp and cold day, and the snow was two feet deep. Early in the morning the dogs started up a deer on Gale River, then ran it over to the Ammonoosue, and then clear over to Cherry Mountain. I followed all day and as long as I could see the track. The were as wet as if I had been in swimming. My matches were all soaked, and I tried every way to get a fire, but without success. I shot my gun into some wadding, but even that wouldn't eatch fire. I sat down and soon began to get sleepy. Knowing that that would never do. I got up, and all night long I ran up and down the side of Cherry Mountain to keep from freezing. My clothes were frozen stiff; my fingers were benumbed with cold, and I hadn't eaten a mouthful since 4 o'clock the previous morning. I was mighty glad when daylight came. I foilowed along the track until 1 o'clock in the atternoon, when I overtook the deer. I thad been killed by the dogs. Whipping out my jack-knife I quickly skinned the animal, and, shouldering the hide, I trudged on, and finally came out at the village of Whitefield."

Thompson's iron constitution and wiry fram resist the ravages of time, and he is a crack shot to this day. He is a Jacksonian Democrat, and it yields him a big dividend of pleasure to multiply reasons for his political belief.

A Losing Speculation in Bears.

A Lesing Speculation in Bears.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"That's a peculiar looking dog of yours," one of us suggested to a Wyoning settler, near whose house we camped one night.

"Y-e-s, 'its some peculiar," he replied. "Fact is, gen'l'men, that dog's a wolf."

"Why don't you kill it and get the bounty?"

"Sh! I'm onto this bounty sail right. Hain't heard any talk bout the bounty being repealed by the next Legislature, I reckon?"

"No."

"Glad o' that; I don't want to get stuck again. I got two more wolves out 'n the barn, and I'm goin' to raisin' 'sm. I 'low in a year or so to have a pretty r'spectable flock to turn in to the Territorial Treasurer."

"It ought to pay."

"Twill if I don't get stuck like I did in northern Wisconsin once."

"How was that?"

"B'ar-started a b'ar farm. The State was payin' \$10 apiece for b'ar scalps, an' mighty tickled to get 'em at that. I got a pair of black b'ar an' took good care of 'em, and in a few years I had a likely herd of seventeen as pretty b'ar as you ever seen. "Lowed to kill 'bout ten of 'em in the spring an' send the scalps to the State Treasurer. tellin' him how I went out in the woods an' fit 'em with an axe an' got most chawed un, but it didn't work—I got floored."

"How did that happen?"

"Legislature went an 'repealed the law, an' there I was, left with seventeen bigh hungry b'ar on my hands an' the bottom gone out o' the b'ar market more'n a mile straight down! Seventeen b'ar, an' no demand for b'ar! Seventeen b'ar, an' no dem for by ar a frug in the market! Back yard so full of chained-up b'ar that you couldn't walk, an the price of bar goin down so you could hear

From the Boston Record.

Have you seen Father O'Callahan? Do you know how dignified and how benign he is? If you don't know him, imagine the gold priest and imagine him slopping, in a moment of targe benevolence, to lay his hand in blessing upon the head of a little child. Freshill; he fell in his pocks for a cent, and found only doliars and fives.

"I am sorry," said he; "I was going to give you a penny, but I have none."
Up into his face looked the little child, and said, with the tone of sympathy and pity which a child of wealth could never feel now atter:

"Male's you workin' now so

He is Clothed in Hollness in Turkey, and As-antis the Bul-Buls of the Herat Valley— In China he has the Honor to be Eaten. A pair of excited and beruffled sparrows settled on the window sill of the house across the street from my window, and savagely re-newed the hostilities that had been interrupted on the pavement by a passing policeman. They sttacked each other with the fury of feathered demons, and with their angry screeching made enough noise for a dozen birds. Their bristling feathers converted them into spherical objects almost, and the two little savages made the feathers fly from each other, and rolled and tumbled and flew and pecked and chirped as no other bird can do with the same fury as a sparrow. Presently about a dozen others darted upon the window sill, and, without a moment's hesitation, commenced the liveliest kind of a rough-and-tumble scrimmage. They made so much noise and fought so fiercely that heads appeared at several adjacent windows, passers-by stopped to enjoy the scene and to make comments, and even the policeman on the corner became interested, and sauntered along to get a nearer view.

the people on the sidewalk. The general under standing seemed to prevail that the "English

sparrow." as he is universally called in this

country, was a bird peculiarly, and even ex-

clusively, indigenous to Great Britain before

he was brought over and got a fresh start in

America. One man observed that it seemed to

be a peculiarity of many things that find their way from England to other countries, that

they develop a wonderfully aggressive spirit

and a faculty of multiplying and crowding other species to the wall. In evidence of this he cited the case of rabbits in Australia and sparrows in the United States. Everybody seemed to take it for granted that the warring little birds on the window sill were "quite English, you know," and would no doubt have opened their eyes in surprise, not to say incredulity, had any one suggested that the sparrow is no more the English sparrow than he is the Turkish sparrow or the Chinese sparrow. We are not a nation of ornithologists, consequently only a few erudite professors are expected to know anything about the origin of different species of birds. Moreover, it is not the purpose of the writer to discuss the sparrow as a subject of ornithological research, but to speak of him as found in different parts of the world. He may have evolved from the toads and snakes which St. Patrick banished from the Emerald Isle, or he may have appeared contemporaneously with "cows and Brahmans" in the dim remeteness of Hindoo mythological infancy. But whatever and wherever his origin, he is to-day, in the broadest sense of the term, a cosmopolitan bird.

In every corner of the carth that my bicycle tour around the world took me into, save the western half of the United States, there I found the English sparrow. Everywhere, too, I found him the same quarrelsome, brawling, pushing, fighting, aggressive, rustling little warrior that he is on the streets of New York. On my ride across this continent from San Francisco to Boston, in the summer of 1884. I first encountered the sparrow in the towns and villages of eastern Indiana. Ever since his introduction into this country a dozen years ago, the sparrow has been insistently following Horace Greeley's sensible advice to young men. He has been steadily following the star of empire westward ever since he gained a foothold in the United States. In '84 he had pushed his way as far westward as Indiana. The farmers of the Mississippi Valley proper had become acquainted with him through reports of his characteristics and his deeds that appeared from time to time in Eastern papers, but they had not yet seen him. He is probably familiar enough to them by this time, however, and it is merely a question of a few years until every State and Territory in the United States will have its fields and orchards invaded by the little russet-coated immigrants whose progenitors were brought here from England, comparatively speaking, but yestorday.

Whenever my memory wanders back to the scenes of some of the most interesting adventures that overtook me in Asia, it is remarkable how frequently this same sparrow intrudes itself, sometimes as a side show and sometimes as an actual factor in the incident. Its well-known audacity and aggressiveness seem to carry it into every corner of creation, and to make it an intruder upon the theatro of human act toads and snakes which St. Patrick banished from the Emerald Isle, or he may have ap-

seem to carry it into every corner of creation, and to make it an intruder upon the theatre of human action everywhere.

In all the strange adventures that fell to my share in Afghanistan, my constant companion and witness was the English sparrow. When I was the guest of the Ameer of Seistan, that amiable potentate actually used a sparrow to illustrate something he was trying to impress upon me. I had sought him out at Beerjand, after receiving orders from the British Legation at Teheran not to enter Afghanistan, in the hope that he would be able to assist me through to India. When I broached the subject, however, the Ameer shook his head, in token of the impossibility of getting through by that route. In the elaboration and lingua licendia peculiar to the people of Khorassan, the Ameer endeavored to dissuade me from making the attempt, by enlarging upon the dangers and difficulties of the route between his capital and Kandahar. One of the greatest difficulties, he said, would be getting across the Harud, which, in that region, skirted the eastern extremity of the Desert of Despair. This, he explained, was deep and broad and

This, he explained, was deep and broad and swift, and there was neither bridge nor boat. Or owing eloquent in his description, he pointed to the house to indicate the river's depth, a distant opping rate as wider as with the hird and recognized it at one as the familiar sparrow. Dozens of these sparrows, I then saw, were making themselves at home in the Ameer's summer garden, and they were the same chipper, bustling birds that frequent the back yards of New York residences.

I have seen this sacrilegious member of the feathered tribes chirping like a wanton roysterer in the chastened twiling the Amender's summer garden, and they were the feathered tribes chirping like a wanton roysterer in the chastened twiling to the asies of St. Faul's Cathedral, London, and have destined the product of the feathered tribes chirping like a wanton roysterer in the chastened twiling to the asies of St. Faul's Cathedral, London, and have destined the product measure of Mohammedanism. St. Sophia, at Constantinoic. In the town of Baba Eskl, European Turkey, I once ascended the minaret of the mesque and stood out on the baleony while the muezzin called the faithful to prayer. Just above my head I thought I heart a familiar chirp, Looking up. I saw, not ten feet away, a sparrow perched on the masonry, and protruding from a hole close by were the ragged edges of its nest.

Audaclous interloper and all-round vagabond that he is, the sparrow is not everywhere regressiveness seems to have gotten him into evil odor in the United States, and English farmers do (or did a few years aco) their best to keep him from multiplying by paying a bounty on eggs and young sparrows to the village urchins. But I have found him in places not only an object of toleration, but actually wearing the garb of hollness, I have seen the person of priest or rounder the tone, and asserts himself with the same characteristic vigor that he displays in London or New York. He raids the pomegranate gardens of thee morses of food from within six inches of the cats'nose

with tid-bits. The Governor of Heres had sent these provided the element of a genutine bond of friendship between myself and the bull-buls, and placed us on terms of the greatest intimacy. They became summer in the course of a genutine bond of friendship between myself and the course of my adapt of my hand. When either, I or any of my Afghan guards would care in bull-bul, bull-bull. They would crane their necks, and hands, During the day my bungalow would be linested with swarms of robber ants, that made a most destructive onshucht on the raisins thands. During the day my bungalow would be a most descructive on shaucht on the raisins than the most of the bull-buls was sitting to the course of the bull-buls was sitting to the property of the bull-buls was sitting to the property of the bull-buls was sitting to the property of the bull-buls was sitting to the said, and the season of the head; he would then fly back up in the tree, swallow it he captured raisin, and immediately perk his bull-buls of the said, and the said of the captured raisin, and immediately perk his bull protagalor of the said, bull protagalor of the said, and in the said of the said

Ivory Tusks Filled With Lead for the Eng-

The London and Liverpool ivory sales have just been concluded. An interesting feature of the London sales was the offer of six tons of what was termed "Stanley's lvory." It was the first lot of ivory sent by Mr. H. M. Stanley from the Congo. It was forwarded to the Belging Government, from whom it came to London. The quality and weight were very good. One parcel of 4 cwt. knocked down to Rodgers. & Sons, the Sheffleld cutlery manufacturers, averaged about three teeth to the hundred weight, Ivory is now so freely used for so many purposes that there is some peril of the elephant being exterminated. Messrs, Rodgers' consumption is 25 tons per annum, and includes Gaboon, Angola and Niger, East Indian, Cape, and Egyptian. The large tusks weigh from 50 pounds to 100 pounds each; middle from 25 pounds to 50 pounds each, and small from 3 pounds to 19 pounds. The firm's average weights are 35 pounds. Twenty-live tons contain 1,600 tusks of 35 pounds each, and as each elephant provides only one pair, it follows that at least 800 elephants per annum must suffer from Rodgers & Sons alone in their cutlery and other productions.

Very little Egyptian ivory has recently come to hand. The Cairo merchants buried their treasures during the Soudan war to keep them out of the Mahdi's hands, and even now they are reluctant to send to market. What is sent is the result of hoarding, not hunting. Egyptian ivory, which is mainly sold in London, is

treasures during the Soudan war to keep them out of the Mahdi's hands, and even now they are reluctant to send to market. What is sent is the result of hearding, not hunting. Egyptian ivory, which is mainly sold in London, is largely used by cutlery manufacturers and in other Sheffleld industries, as well as by planoforte makers for keys. The paneity of Egyptian is largely compensated for by the increased weight of West Const African, which is growing in favor for lafting the higher classes of table cutlery.

The ivory dealers of Africa are very good hands at obtaining full value for their goods; and some of the Sheffleld ilrans find that they are not novices in irandulent trading. They can load ivory quite as cleverly as Lanenshire can load cottons. By pouring lead into the cavity of the tusk the weight is greatly increased; and there is no possibility of discovering the deception until the ivory has passed through various hands to the cutlery or other manufacturer. Then the workman finds the saw grind against the lead, sometimes snapping the steel teeth. One Sheffleld iffur recently found lead embedded in several elephants' tusks, from 8 nounds to 12 pounds weight in each. As ivory is worth 12s, per pound, there is a profit in selling lead at that price.

At London the prices of soft Indian and Eastern African tusks, soft Egyptian. Cape, and West Coast African were dearer; but in the opinion of practical brokers, ivory has not much altered for fifteen years, for while some qualities are now of greater value others have got cheaper.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Burlington, Nov. 21.—Father Trency, rector of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, has stirred up a hornet nest among the young people of his parish by suspending a majority of the choir for attending a dancing school. The mass vesterday morning was celebrated without any music. The choir was on hand rendy and willing, but an acolyte in a red cassock went to the organ loft and told them that Father Treacy desired them to omit singing and take their seats with the people. There was no explanation, for the cause was well known. Some time ago a number of young men organized the Terpsichorean Society and engaged Prof. McLaughlin as the instructor. Father Treacy found that the regular weekly dances were attended largely by his people. He warned the young ladies belonging to the order of the Children of Mary that their vows would not allow them to dance. A number, however, took the chances and enjoyed the mazy waitz. Many of the tadies who danced were members of the choir. These he ordered to vacate their places until they had properly atoned for their conduct. The young men he charges with inducing the girls to violate their vows, and he placed them under discipline.

Last night the few members of the choir not charged with going to the sociable gathered together a number of the singers in the congregation and an impromptu choir furnished the music. The Terpsichorean Society will hold a meeting and take some action in the matter.

THEY FOUND TWO BEAR CUBS

AND THEN THE FURIOUS MOTHER BEAR FOUND THEM.

An Adventure which Befoil Two Young Men who Went Out on a Sunday to Look at a Fox Trap in the Wilds of Lycoming County BATH, N. Y., Nov. 26 .- Two weeks ago Uncle Daniel Dean and his two nephews, George Skinner and Albert G. Howard, started from the village of Hammondsport for a three weeks hunt in the northern part of Lycoming county. Pennsylvania, about the headwaters of Pine Creek. Uncle Dean, who is not only one of the best farmers in Steuben county, but a superb shot and an old-time hunter, has been on hunting expeditions in Lycoming county each fall for twenty years. He has usually been accompanied by two or three of his old friends, and the party has camped in a hut in the forests. Neither of the young men whom he took this year is over 22 years of age, and the only game

they had ever hunted was birds and squirrels and they had looked forward with keen expectation to the killing of a bear or a deer while in camp with their sporting uncle. Yesterday norning the two young men suddenly returned to Bath on their way home to Hammondsport. One of them had written home last week that they were having such a good time in the woods that they would not return home before

December. This, coupled with the fact that the
two boys looked as if they had been put
through a threshing machine or run over by a
self-binder, naturally caused a good deal of talk
among those who met them here.

Albert Skinner's right arm was haavily bandaged under his cost sleeve. His hands
or lacerations from his hair to his chin. One ear
was torn. He was plastered up and anoinsed
with salve. George Howard did not seem in
such pain as his cousin, for he waked slowly
up and down the depot platform while waiting
for the train for Hammondsport, teaning upon
a piece of sapling for a cane. But he wore a
looss elipper upon his foot, and his legs and
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hot, moist breath in my face as she stood over me and held me helpless. I expected surely to be killed by those awful jaws only a few inchos above me.

"I was too frightened to even cry out to Albert, who was so terribly excited that he dropped his cartridge box in the dead leaves, and the contents were scattered about. He could not even stop to pick the loose cartridges up from the ground, and, expecting to see me killed before his eyes, struck the brute with all his might with the barrel of his gun upon its head as fast as he could swing his gun over his own head. Meanwhile the beast was scratching and clawing at me. My trousers were torn away very quickly by the claws on the bear's hind paws, and my shoes were clawed right off. At each blow from the riffe the beast clawed the harder, and it seemed as if my bones were being scraped clean. Then I got several being in the face and about my scalp by the animal's fore paws, as you see by the plasters there.

"The old bear was now terribly enraged, and suddenly leaping up from me she sprang at Albert, who staggered back under the attack. He dropped his riffe in his excitement, but picked up a club with which he dealt her an old-sending blow right in the face, She scratched him about the face, and grabbed him several times by the shoulder, but she had no sooner left me than I jumped up and selized the gun that Albert had dropped and pand selized the one of the cartridges from the ground, and, walking right close up to her, as she was pawing Albert in the face, I sent a bullet into her head. She fell back, but so firmly were her big claws fixed in Albert's shoulder and clothing that she pulled him to the ground with her.

"That bullet had fixed her, but to make a sure thing I fired two more into her head. It was several minutes before Albert and I recovered sufficiently to speak to each other.

"I was covered with blood, and so was he, we were both very weak from excitement. We did not think of the bear cubs then, but so had in think of the bear cubs then, in the af

A Woman in Boots and a Revolver in Her Must.

From the Washington Post.

Prom the Westington Pest.

Rockytille, Md., Nov. 20.—Another daring attempt at highway robbery was made on the Seventh street road about seven miles from here on Friday evening last, the news of which has just been received. On that evening Mr. W. E. Muncaster, President of the Agricultural Society, was passing along the road in a buggy near the point where the late Philip Haviland disappeared some months ago, when he overtook a woman on the road who complained of being tired and asked to be permitted to ride schorl distance.

The privilege was accorded her, and after she was seated in the vehicle Mr. Muncaster noticed that she had on boots, which aroused his susnicion and in using the whip he dropped it to the ground. The woman volunteered to get out and recover the same, which she didleaving a muff which she carried on the seat. As soon as she got, out Mr. Muncaster put his hand in the muff and found a revolver. He immediately struck the horse with the reins and drove off, leaving her on the road. Mr. Muncaster had proceeded but a short distance, when, in passing a dense thicket, two men sprang into the road and attempted to stop the horse. He, however, urged the animal on and made his escape. As it was late in the evening and quite dark he is not certain whether the men were black or white, but is certain that the person who got into the buggy was a man in disguise.

Nipping a Chill in the Bud.